Bra. The worſe welcome,
I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my dores,
In honeſt plainneſſe, thou haſt heard me ſay
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,
Being full of ſupper, and diſtempering draughts,
Vpon malicious brauery, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet?
Rod. Sir, ſir, ſir.
Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure
My ſpirit and my place haue in them power,
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience good ſir
Bra. What, tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*,
My houſe is not a graunge.
Rod. Moſt graue *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoule I come to you.
Iag. Sir, you are one of thoſe, that will not ſerue God, if the Deuill bid you. Becauſe we come to doe you ſeruice, you thinke wee are Ruffians, youle haue your daughter couered with a Barbary horſe; youle haue your Nephewes neigh to you; youle haue Courſers for Couſens, and Gennets for *Germans*.
Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?
Iag. I am one ſir, that come to tell you, your daughter, and the Moore, are now making the Beaſt with two backs.
Bra. Thou art a villaine.
Iag. You are a Senator.
Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwere, I know thee *Rodorigo*.
Rod. Sir, I will anſwere any thing: But I beſeech you,
If't be your pleaſure, and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire daughter
At this od euen, and dull watch oth' night,
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard
But with a knaue of common hire, a *Gundelier*,
To the groſſe claſpes of a laſciuious Moore:
If this be knowne to you and your allowance,
Wee then haue done you bold and ſawcy wrongs?
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
Wee haue your wrong rebuke: Do not beleeue

That

That from the ſenſe of al ciuilitie,
I thus would play and trifle with
Your daughter (if you haue not g
I ſay againe) hath made a groſſe r
Tying her duty, beautie, wit and
In an extrauagant and wheeling S
Of here, and euery where: Straig
If ſhe be in her chamber, or your
Let looſe on me the Iuſtice of the
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the tinder, He
Giue me a taper, call vp all my p
This accident is not vnlike my du
Beleefe of it oppreſſes me alread
Light I ſay, light.
Iag. Farewell, for I muſt leau
It ſeemes not meet, nor wholeſo
To be produc'd (as if I ſtay I ſha
Againſt the Moore, for I doe kn
(How euer this may gaule him w
Cannot with ſafety caſt him, for
With ſuch loud reaſon, to the Ci
(Which euen now ſtands in act)
Another of his fathome, they ha
To lead their buſineſſe, in which
Tho I doe hate him, as I doe hell
Yet for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhew out a flag, and ſigne
Which is indeed but ſigne, that
Lead to the Sagittary the raiſed
And there will I be with him. So

Enter Brabantio *in his*
with To

Bra. It is too true an euill, g
And what's to come of my deſpi
Is nought but bitterneſſe now

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k